

DARKSEID:

THE EMBODIMENT OF EVIL.

DARK LORD OF THE HELLISH WORLD OF APOKOLIPS.

THE MOST FEARED RULER IN THE GALAXY.

GALACTUS:

DEVOURER OF WORLDS.

DESTROYER OF CIVILIZATIONS.

THE MOST DREAD FORCE IN THE UNIVERSE.

AFTER WANDERING THE STARS FOR UNTOLD MILLENNIA, THE UNENDING HUNGER OF GALACTUS HAS LED HIM AT LAST TO APOKOLIPS, HOME OF DARKSEID'S SCURRILOUS EMPIRE. IF GALACTUS IS TO SURVIVE, HE MUST DRAIN APOKOLIPS OF ITS LIFE FORCE, WIPING THE PLANET CLEAN OF ALL LIVING THINGS. IN HIS PATH STANDS DARKSEID, WHO WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO PROTECT HIS DOMAIN.

BUT NEITHER GALACTUS NOR DARKSEID FIGHTS ALONE. IN DARKSEID'S CORNER ARE HORDES OF HIS DOG SOLDIERS AND PARADEMONS, AS WELL AS HIS SON, ORION OF NEW GENESIS, DARKSEID'S SWORN OPPONENT AND CHAMPION OF THE ASTRO-FORCE. STANDING AGAINST THE FORCES OF APOKOLIPS IS THE HERALD OF GALACTUS, THE HIGH-FLYING SILVER SURFER, WIELDER OF THE POWER COSMIC, DRIVEN BY DARK, UNKNOWNABLE FORCES.

WHEN AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE MEETS AN IMMOVABLE OBJECT, WHICH WILL TRIUMPH?

DIRECT SALES

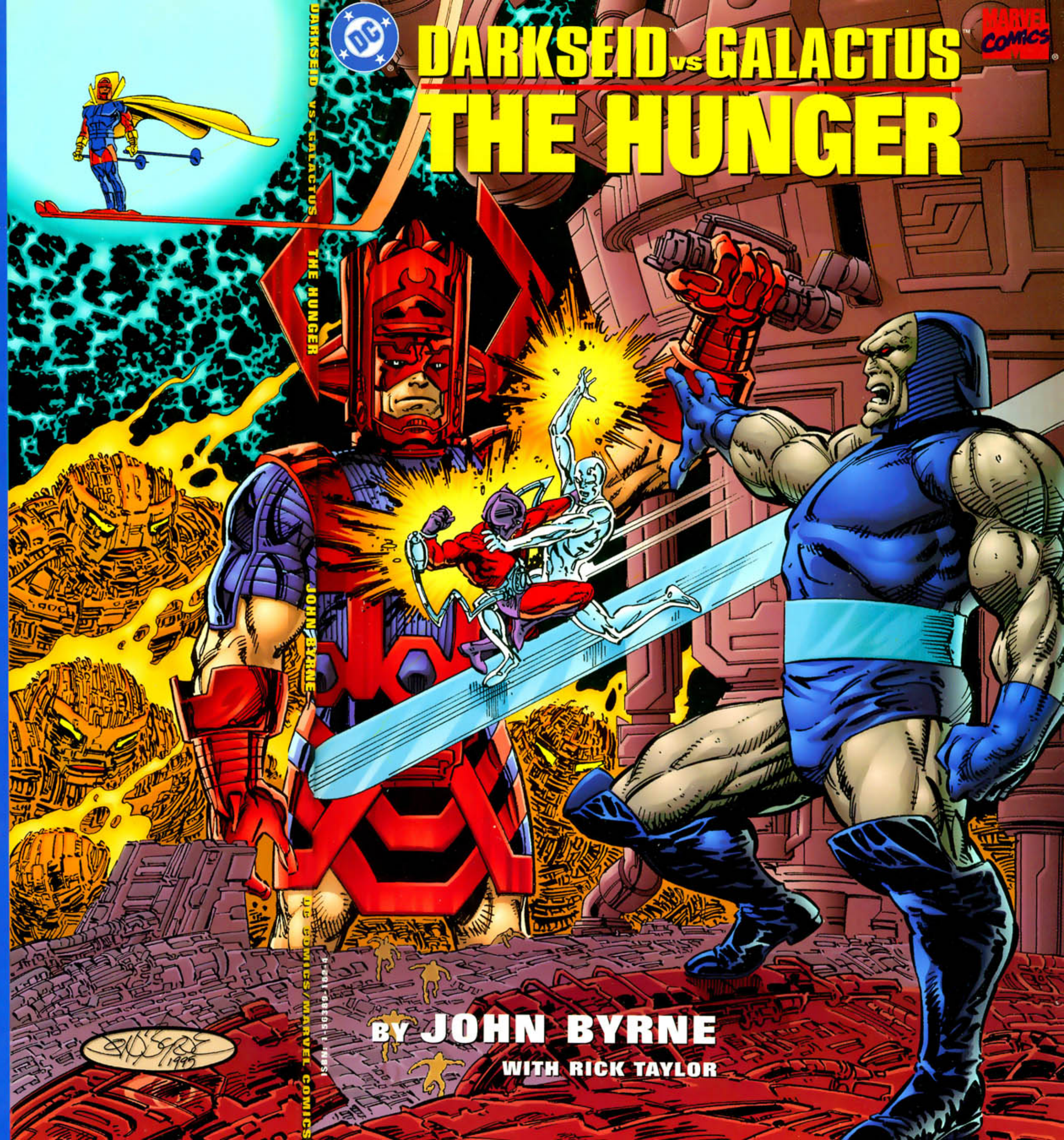


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DARKSEID vs GALACTUS

THE HUNGER

JOHN BYRNE

Writer • Artist

RICK TAYLOR

Colorist

ELECTRIC PICKLE

Color Separations

THE NEW GODS created by JACK KIRBY

This story is dedicated to the memory of Jack "King" Kirby, who created his own universes when ours alone proved too small to contain him.

With special thanks to Marc Galinis McFinn, who one day said to me "Galactus tries to eat Apokolips..."
John Byrne

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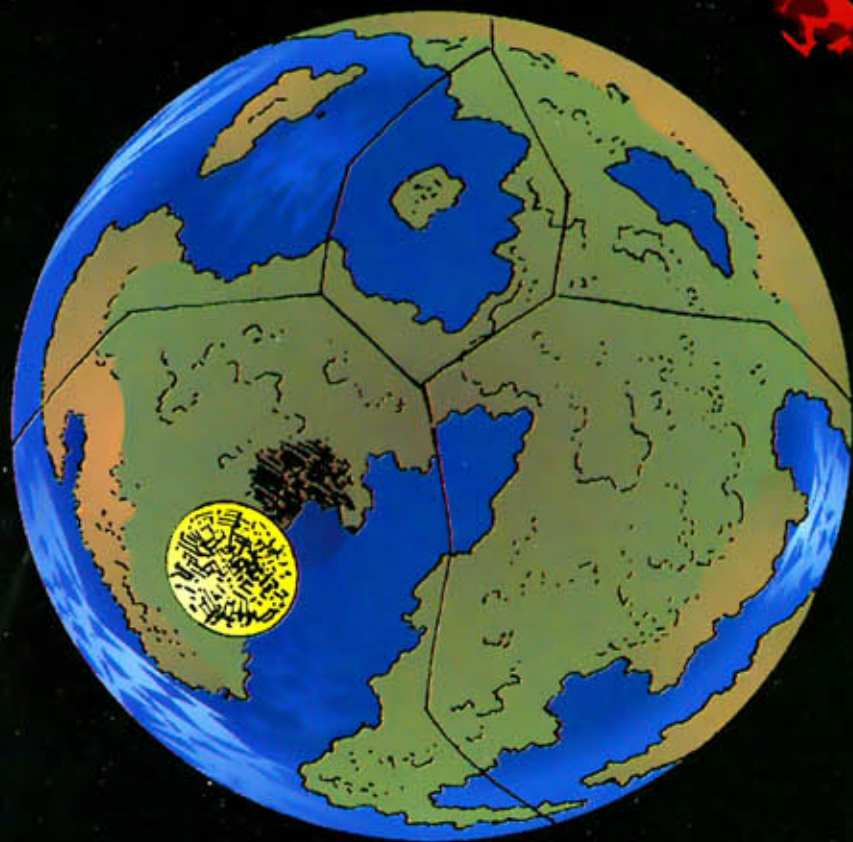
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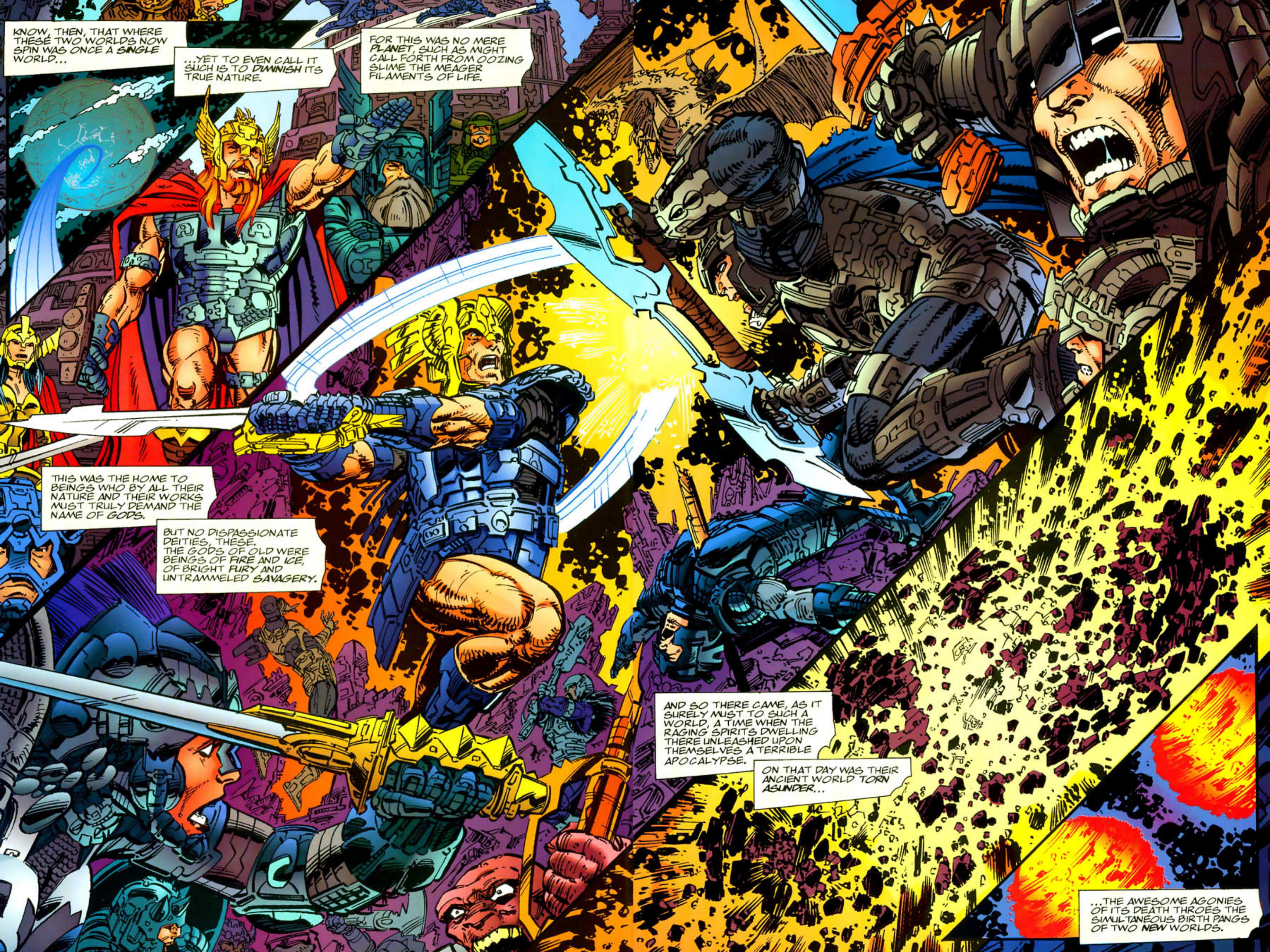
Computer Models by John Byrne
Publication Design by Eddie Ortiz.

THE HUNGER

A PLACE THAT IS NOT A
PLACE, A TIME THAT IS
BEYOND TIME.



TWO WORLDS TURN IN THE
DARKNESS, AS THEY HAVE
FOR YEARS BEYOND THE
SCOPE OF MERE
ARITHMETIC TO NUMBER.



KNOW, THEN, THAT WHERE THESE TWO WORLDS NOW SPIN WAS ONCE A SINGLE WORLD...

...YET TO EVEN CALL IT SUCH IS TO DIMINISH ITS TRUE NATURE.

FOR THIS WAS NO MERE PLANET, SUCH AS MIGHT CALL FORTH FROM OOOZING SLIME THE MEAGER FILAMENTS OF LIFE.

THIS WAS THE HOME TO BEINGS WHO BY ALL THEIR NATURE AND THEIR WORKS MUST TRULY DEMAND THE NAME OF GODS.

BUT NO DISPASSIONATE DEITIES, THESE. THE GODS OF OLD WERE BEINGS OF FIRE AND ICE, OF BRIGHT FURY AND UNTRAMMELED SAVAGERY.

AND SO THERE CAME, AS IT SURELY MUST TO SUCH A WORLD, A TIME WHEN THE RAGING SPIRITS DWELLING THERE UNLEASHED UPON THEMSELVES A TERRIBLE APOCALYPSE.

ON THAT DAY WAS THEIR ANCIENT WORLD TORN ASUNDER...

...THE AWESOME AGONIES OF ITS DEATH THROES THE SIMULTANEOUS BIRTH PANGS OF TWO NEW WORLDS.



YET TWO WORLDS
SEPARATED BY MORE THAN
THE GULF OF SPACE NOW
WIDENING BETWEEN THEM.

FOR ONE WOULD COME TO
BE NEW GENESIS, THE
HOME OF ALL THAT WAS
GOOD, TRUE AND NOBLE IN
THE SUNDERED RACE OF
GODS...

...WHILE THE OTHER WOULD
GROW, AS GROWS A
GANGRENOUS SORE ON THE
BODY OF A FALLEN
WARRIOR, INTO THE PLANET
CALLED APOKOLIPS...

...A BLEAK AND RAVAGED
MIRROR EVER IN THE
SHADOW OF ITS BRIGHTER
SISTER.

TODAY THEY FACE THE GREATEST THREAT TO THEIR EXISTENCE SINCE THE CATAclysm THAT CREATED THEM.

HE'S COMING!

HIGHFATHER!
HE'S COMING!
HE'S COMING!

CALM YOUR-SELF, LIGHTRAY. HIGHFATHER KNOWS. THE SOURCE HAS ALREADY TOLD HIM.



BUT... BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, ORION? EVEN YOUR POWER IS USE-LESS AGAINST...



DON'T WASTE ENERGY ON WORRY, MY FRIEND.

IF THERE IS AN ANSWER, HIGHFATHER WILL HAVE IT BY NOW!

ORION!
LIGHTRAY!

WHAT NEWS, HIGHFATHER?

ONLY THE WORST. SEE FOR YOURSELF, ORION...



EVEN THE SOURCE
CAN OFFER LITTLE
COMFORT AT SUCH
A TIME AS THIS!

HIDE THE WORLD

THE SOURCE! WHEN THE
OLD GODS DIED, IT ALONE
SURVIVED, ETERNAL, A
RESERVOIR OF WISDOM TO
THE NEW GODS—THOUGH
ITS MESSAGES CAN BE
CRYPTIC...

"HIDE THE WORLD"...??
WHAT DOES THAT
MEAN?

IS THERE NOTHING
WE CAN DO TO
FIGHT? NO
RESISTANCE WE
CAN OFFER?

IT
WOULD
SEEM
NOT,
ORION.

LIGHTRAY...

THIS IS A TASK ONLY
YOU, OF ALL THE GODS
OF NEW GENESIS, CAN
UNDER TAKE.

I HAVE CONSIDERED
THE MESSAGE OF
THE SOURCE, AND
THIS IS WHAT I HAVE
DECIDED MUST BE
DONE...

HIGH-
FATHER?

THEY'RE
UP TO SOME-
THING.

PREPARATION
FOR A SNEAK
ATTACK?

THE MASTER
MUST BE
INFORMED.

SEND A
MESSENGER
TO DARKSEID'S
BEDCHAMBER.
TELL HIM...

TELL ME
WHAT
DESAAB?

WHAT DO YOU
IMAGINE YOU CAN
TELL DARKSEID
THAT HE DOES NOT
ALREADY KNOW?





THEY CONNIVE, THEY
PLAN. ALWAYS THEY
SCHEME, MY
BROTHER GODS.
ALWAYS THEY THINK
THEY CAN THWART
ME.

AND TODAY?
WHAT PETTY
PLOTING OCCUPIES
THEIR SMALL
MINDS...



THEY HAVE
IGNITED
NEW GENESIS!

THEY'VE
SET THEIR
WORLD ON
FIRE!

LISTEN! I
CAN ALMOST
HEAR THE SCREAMS
AS HIGHFATHER AND
HIS BROOD ARE
ROASTED ALIVE!

I CAN ALMOST
SMELL THE
SEARED FLESH,
EVEN ACROSS THE
GULF OF SPACE!

I THINK
NOT.

LOOK AGAIN
INTO THE HEAVENS,
DESAAD. BUT THIS
TIME LOOK BEYOND
NEW GENESIS.

TELL ME
WHAT YOU
SEE OUT THERE
IN THE VOID.



NOTHING,
NOTHING AND
NOTHING.

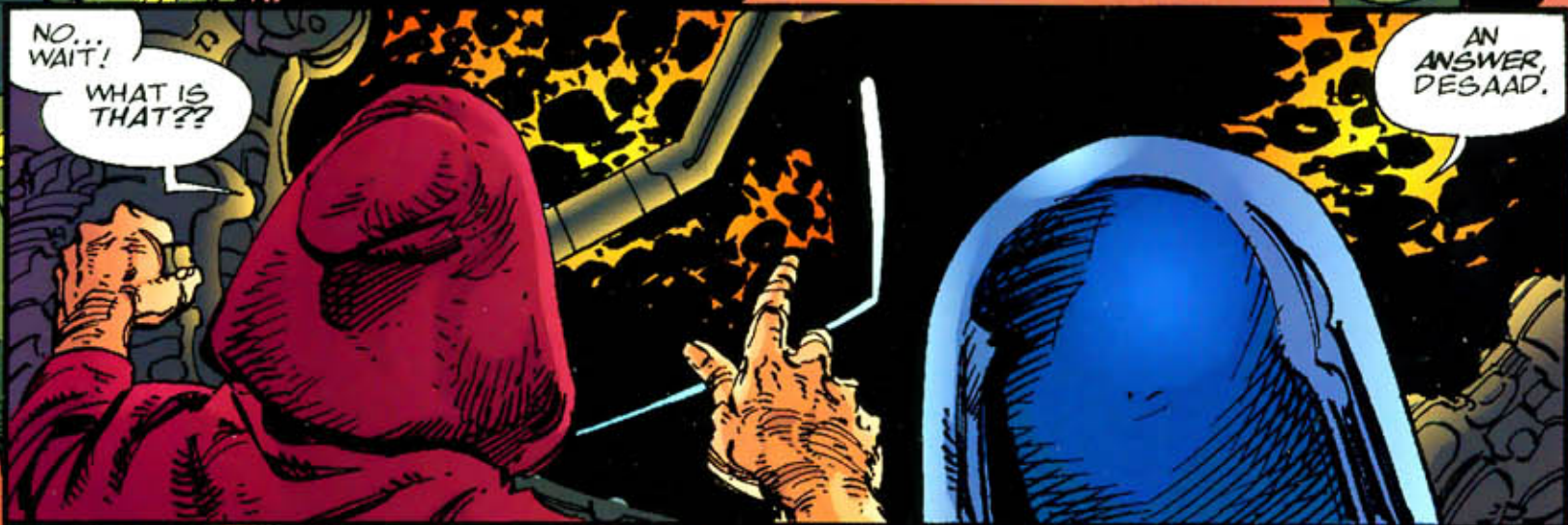
ONLY THE
ETERNAL EMPTI-
NESS AS IS
ALWAYS...



NO...
WAIT!

WHAT IS
THAT??

AN
ANSWER,
DESAAD.



"PERHAPS A FINAL ANSWER
TO ALL QUESTIONS."

FASTER THAN ANY MORTAL
EYE CAN FOLLOW, A
GLEAMING FIGURE SPEEDS
ACROSS THE COSMIC
WASTELAND.

SHEATHED IN A
SHIMMERING FIELD OF
ARGENT ENERGY, HE DOES
NOT FEEL THE DEADLY
COLD, DOES NOT HEED THE
BLISTERING HEAT OF
SPACE.

POWER INCARNATE, HE
GUIDES HIS GLEAMING
VEHICLE TOWARD THE
STRANGE, SMALL SYSTEM
HE HAS SEARCHED SO
LONG TO FIND...

AT
LAST!

AT THE VERY
MOMENT I WAS
ABOUT TO GIVE
UP ALL HOPE OF
FINDING ANYTHING
IN THIS STAR
DESERT...

A
WORLD.

HE IS THE
SILVER
SURFER.

HE IS THE
HERALD OF
GALACTUS.

WHAT A
STRANGE, SAD
WORLD THIS
IS!

ACROSS THE
VASTNESS OF
ETERNAL SPACE
I HAVE SEEN SO
MANY WORLDS,
RIPE FRUIT FOR MY
MASTER'S
PLUCKING...

...BUT NONE LIKE
THIS. THE BLEAK
EMOTIONS WHICH
PERMEATE THIS
WORLD...

...ASSAIL
ME ALMOST
AS A PHYSICAL
FORCE!

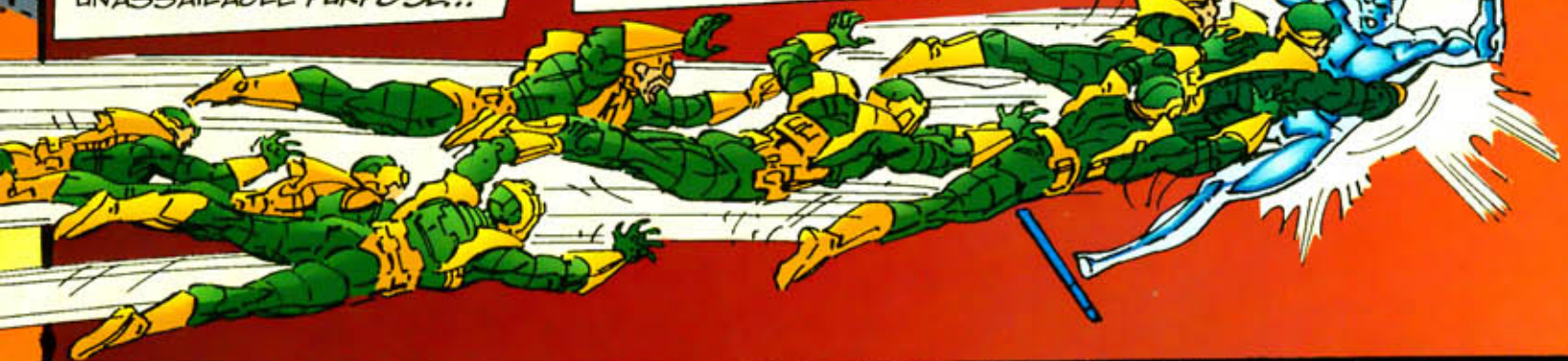
BUT THERE IS
MORE THAN
IMAGINARY FORCE
I MUST CONTEND WITH
THIS DAY, IT SEEMS.

I SENSE IN THIS
DISPLAY NO
MERE AMBASSADORS,
SUCH AS OTHER WORLDS
HAVE SENT TO GREET
MY COMING.

THERE IS
VIOLENCE
IN THEIR VERY
SHAPE.

THESE ARE PARADEMONS.
CREATIONS OF DARKSEID,
MINDLESS, SAVAGE, IMBUED
BY HIM WITH A SINGLE,
UNASSAILABLE PURPOSE...

THE UTTER DESTRUCTION
OF ANYTHING AGAINST
WHICH THEIR MASTER
DIRECTS THEM.



THOUGH HE SENSED THEIR
DARK PURPOSE, THE SILVER
SURFER IS UNPREPARED FOR
THE SHEER FEROCITY OF
THEIR ATTACK.

EVEN THE BLAZING FIRE OF
THE POWER COSMIC DOES
NOTHING TO DAMPEN THEIR
FRENZY.

WITHOUT THOUGHT THEY
HAVE LIVED...



...AND WITHOUT THOUGHT
THEY PERISH.

AND WHERE ONE
FALLS...

...IT SEEMS ONE HUNDRED
RISE TO TAKE HIS PLACE.



THERE WAS NEVER
ANYTHING TO
FEAR, MY MASTER.

YOUR LOYAL
PARADEMONS
HAVE FOUND
THE MATCH OF
THIS ILL-ADVISED
INVADER.


IN ANY CASE,
I THINK IT IS PAST
TIME THIS SAD
CHARADE WAS
ENDED.

MASTER,
NO! A FEW
MORE
SECONDS...

WORM!
IS ALL MORTAL
SUFFERING NOTH-
ING TO YOU BUT A
SOURCE OF PETTY
PLEASURE?

PERHAPS.






THERE IS MORE
AT STAKE HERE
THAN YOUR LOSS
OF STIMULATION,
DESAAD.



"SO MUCH,
MUCH MORE..."

THE COLD HAND OF
DARKSEID MOVES ACROSS
THE FACE OF THE
CONTROL PANEL...

...AND IN THE CHURNING
HEART OF THE GREAT
FIREPIT A NEW AND DEADLY
FORCE BESTIRS ITSELF.



THE WORLD
ITSELF PREPARES
TO MOVE
AGAINST ME!

I CAN
DELAY NO
LONGER!



LET THE
DEED BE
DONE!

LET THE
SIGNAL
BE SENT!

"IT IS DONE.

NOW HE WILL
COME, AND IT IS
FOR US TO ONLY
WAIT AND WATCH.

THESE ARE NOT
WORDS A WARRIOR
CARES TO HEAR,
HIGHFATHER.



THIS I KNOW, MY SON. BUT STILL THE MARTIAL FLAME THAT BURNS IN YOUR BREAST.

SEEK IN THE QUIET PLACES OF YOUR SOUL SOME SMALL UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT IS NOW ABOUT TO UNFOLD...

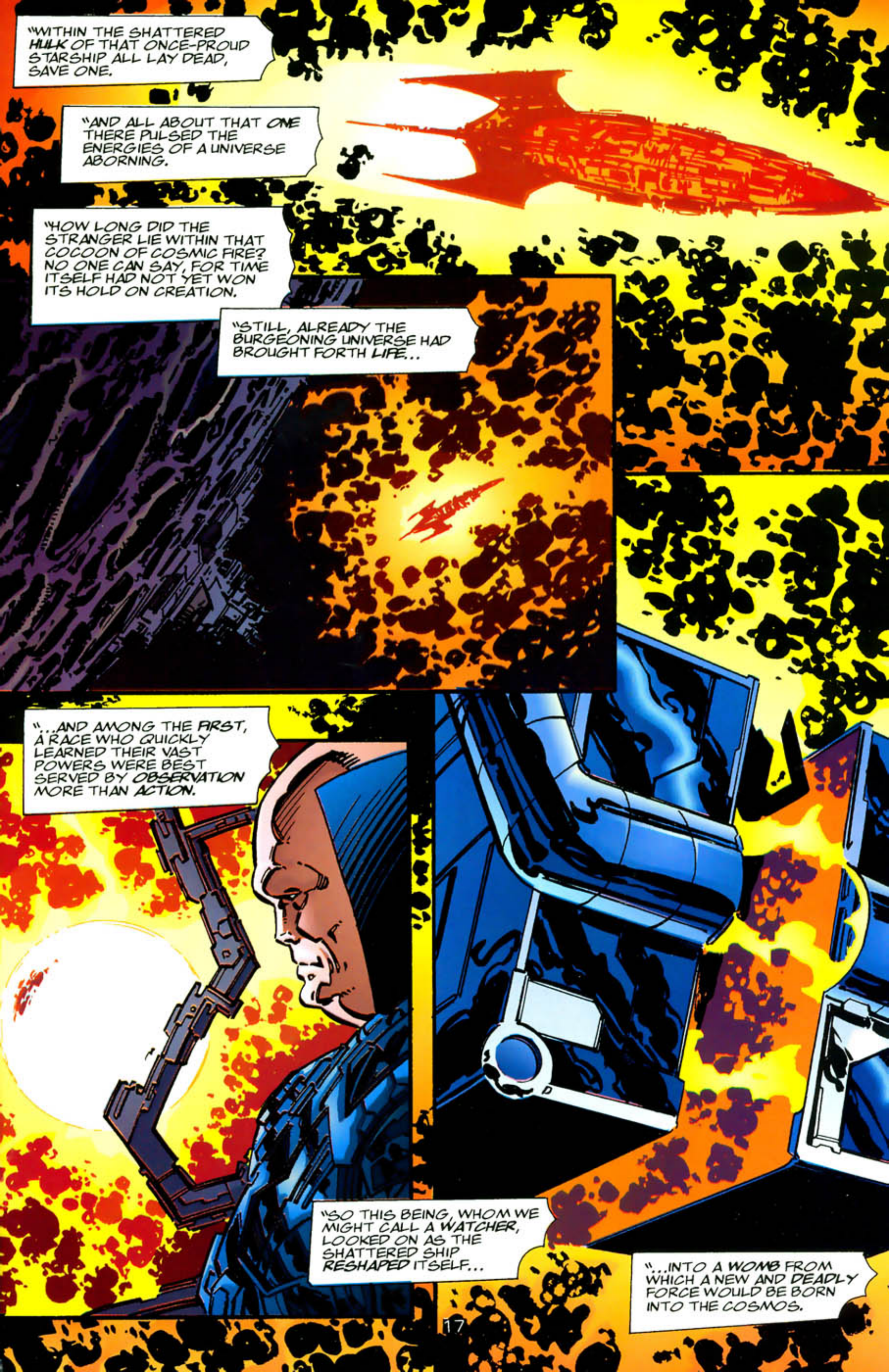
"LET YOUR THOUGHTS DRIFT BACK TO A TIME BEFORE TIME, A PLACE WITHOUT DIMENSION.

"A UNIVERSE DIED, YET IN THE FINAL, AGONIZING MOMENTS OF ITS PASSING...

"...IT GAVE BIRTH TO ANOTHER UNIVERSE, THAT...



"...AND SOMETHING MORE...



"WITHIN THE SHATTERED
HULK OF THAT ONCE-PROUD
STARSHIP ALL LAY DEAD,
SAVE ONE.

"AND ALL ABOUT THAT ONE
THERE PULSED THE
ENERGIES OF A UNIVERSE
ABORNING.

"HOW LONG DID THE
STRANGER LIE WITHIN THAT
COCOON OF COSMIC FIRE?
NO ONE CAN SAY, FOR TIME
ITSELF HAD NOT YET WON
ITS HOLD ON CREATION.

"STILL, ALREADY THE
BURGEONING UNIVERSE HAD
BROUGHT FORTH LIFE...

"...AND AMONG THE FIRST,
A RACE WHO QUICKLY
LEARNED THEIR VAST
POWERS WERE BEST
SERVED BY OBSERVATION
MORE THAN ACTION.

"SO THIS BEING, WHOM WE
MIGHT CALL A WATCHER,
LOOKED ON AS THE
SHATTERED SHIP
RESHAPED ITSELF...

"...INTO A WOMB FROM
WHICH A NEW AND DEADLY
FORCE WOULD BE BORN
INTO THE COSMOS.



"A FORCE THE UNIVERSE
WOULD COME TO KNOW
AND FEAR AS *GALACTUS*."


SO... THE
SIGNAL HAS
BEEN
SENT.

MY HERALD
HAS FOUND
ANOTHER WORLD
TO BRIEFLY
SATIATE MY ALL-
CONSUMING
HUNGER.



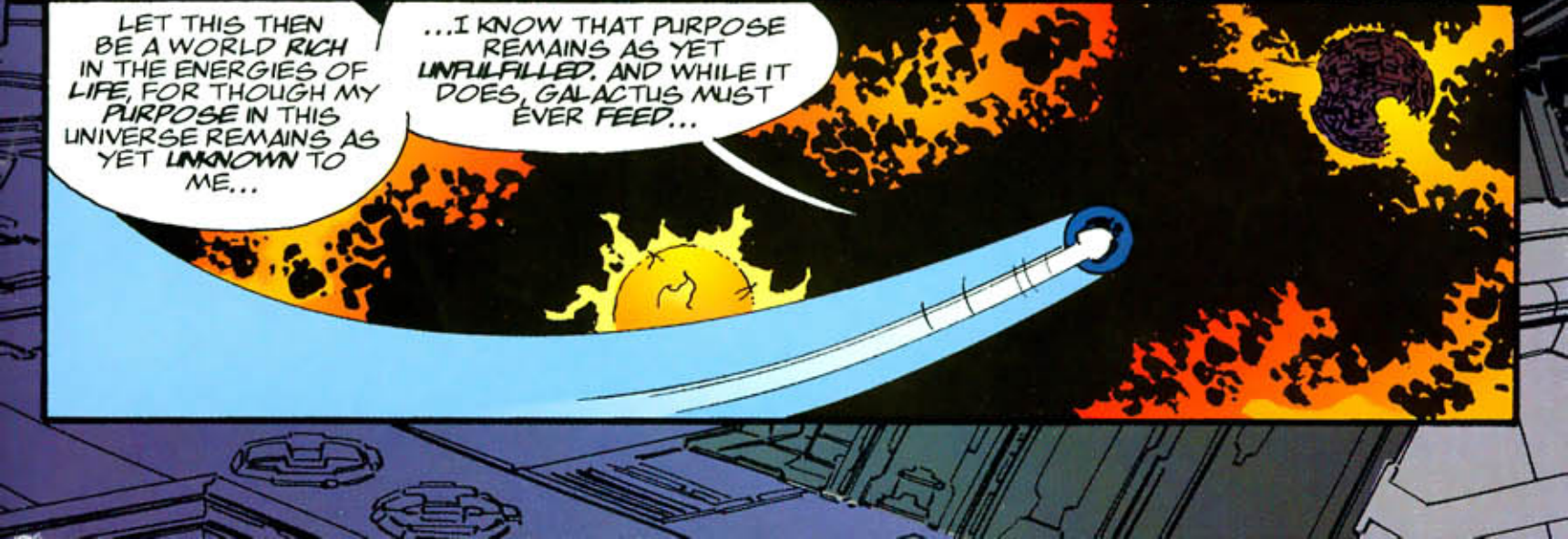
SO THE ANCIENT
PATTERN IS
REPEATED, AS IT
MUST EVER BE...

...UNTIL THE
UNIVERSE GROWS
OLD, AND THERE IS
NO FURTHER NEED
OF GALACTUS.



AND NONE TOO
SOON HAS THE
SILVER SURFER
ACCOMPLISHED HIS
TASK.

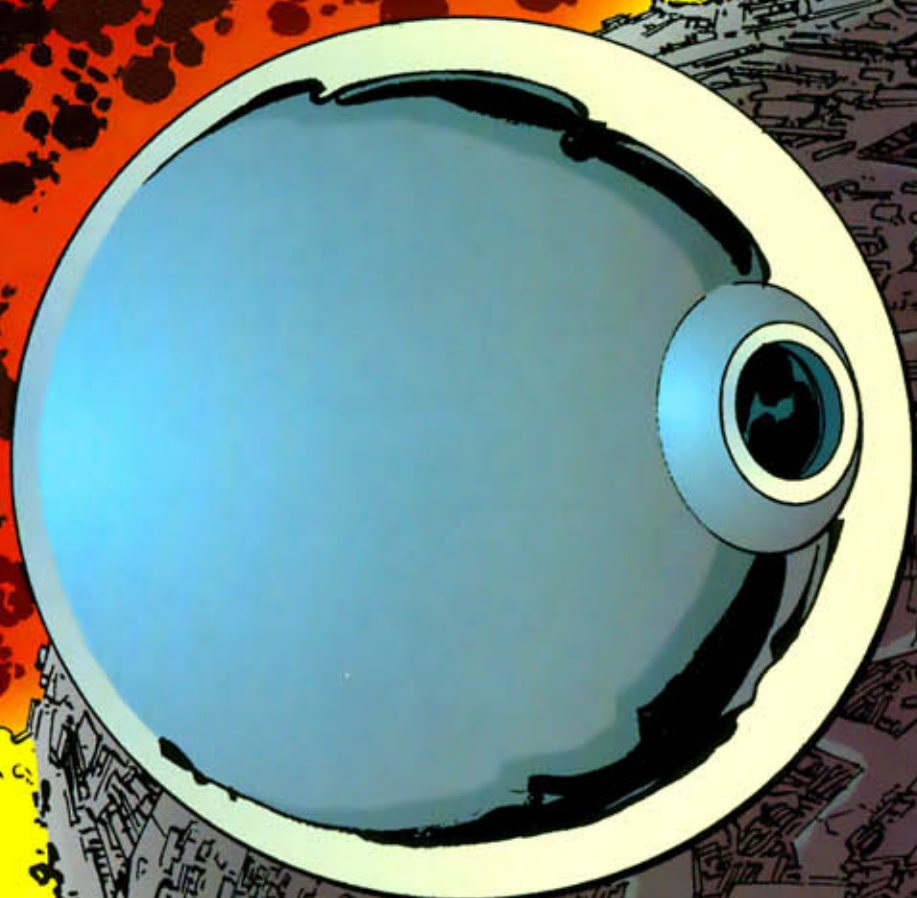
NEVER IN ALL
THE UNCOUNTED
EONS OF MY LIFE
HAVE MY ENERGIES
SHRUNK TO SUCH
BITTER DREGS.



LET THIS THEN
BE A WORLD RICH
IN THE ENERGIES OF
LIFE, FOR THOUGH MY
PURPOSE IN THIS
UNIVERSE REMAINS AS
YET UNKNOWN TO
ME...

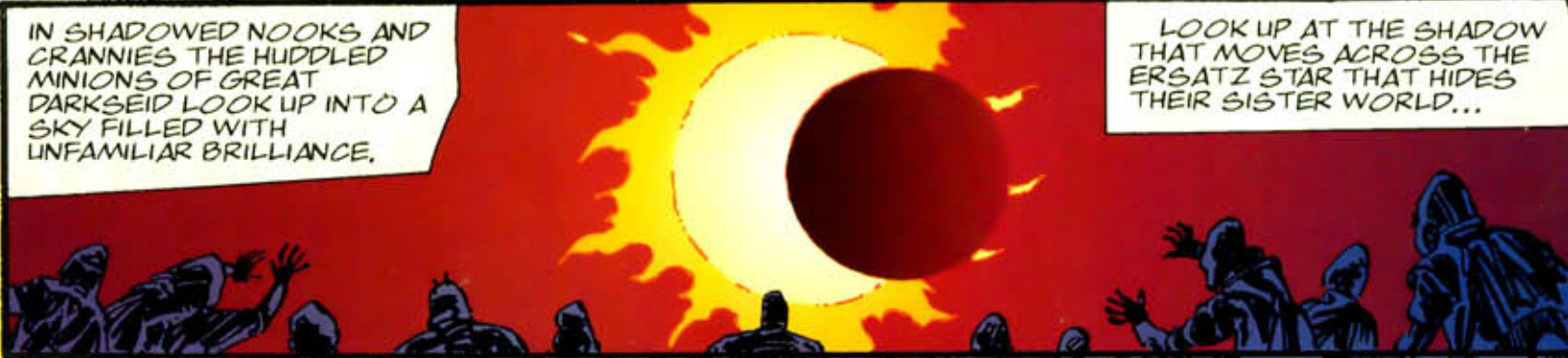
...I KNOW THAT PURPOSE
REMAINS AS YET
UNFULFILLED. AND WHILE IT
DOES, GALACTUS MUST
EVER FEED...

"...THOUGH BILLIONS DIE TO
PAY THE COST OF MY
SURVIVAL..."



THE GREAT ARK MOVES
INTO A SYNCHRONOUS
ORBIT ABOVE THE PITTED
FACE OF APOKOLIPS.

IN SHADOWED NOOKS AND
CRANNIES THE HUDDLED
MINIONS OF GREAT
DARKSEID LOOK UP INTO A
SKY FILLED WITH
UNFAMILIAR BRILLIANCE.



LOOK UP AT THE SHADOW
THAT MOVES ACROSS THE
ERSATZ STAR THAT HIDES
THEIR SISTER WORLD...

...AND FEEL WITHIN THEIR
CRAVEN HEARTS A NEW
FEAR.



A FEAR PERHAPS GREATER
EVEN THAN THAT
COMMANDED BY THEIR
STERN AND UNFORGIVING
MASTER.



OBLIVIOUS TO THE GROWING TERROR ON THE SURFACE OF THE WORLD BELOW...

...AS HE HAS COMPELLED HIMSELF TO REMAIN OBLIVIOUS TO ALL SUCH FEAR HIS VERY NAME EVOKES...

...GALACTUS SETS IN MOTION THE GIANT MECHANISM WHICH DEPLOYS FROM THE GLISTENING BELLY OF HIS SHIP THE VEHICLE HIS WEAKENED STATE DEMANDS HE USE TO REACH THE PLANET.

YOU--YOU KNEW THIS CREATURE WAS COMING..?

HOW? AND WHY DID YOU DO NOTHING TO SHIELD APOKOLIPS FROM HIS SIGHT?

POWERFUL THIS NEW INTRUDER MAY BELIEVE HIMSELF TO BE, AND POWERFUL HE MAY WELL BE...

...BUT ON THIS WORLD HE WILL FIND HIS MATCH IS MET.

HAVE A CARE, DESAAD. FEAR HAS MADE YOU BOLD, IF YOU DARE QUESTION ME.

THEY STRIKE WITHOUT
WARNING, WITHOUT MERCY.

A TORRENT OF DEATH SUCH
AS MIGHT WELL LAY WASTE
A CONTINENT LASHES
DOWN ON THE STILL FORM
OF GALACTUS.

ALL AROUND THE FACE OF
APOKOLIPS BURNS AND
BURSTS, SPEWING FIRE AND
MOLTEN ROCK AS A
FESTERING CORPSE WILL
SPLIT TO SPILL ITS GORE.

YET, AS THE ASTONISHED
DENIZENS OF APOKOLIPS
LOOK ON...

...GALACTUS MOVES AS
THOUGH THEIR
BOMBARDMENT WERE NO
MORE TO HIM THAN THE
GENTLE CARESS OF A
SPRING SHOWER.

SILENT AS LEAVES FALLING
FROM A DYING OAK, THE
COMPONENTS OF THE
GREAT ENERGY
CONVERTER DROP FROM
THE BLACKNESS OF
SPACE...

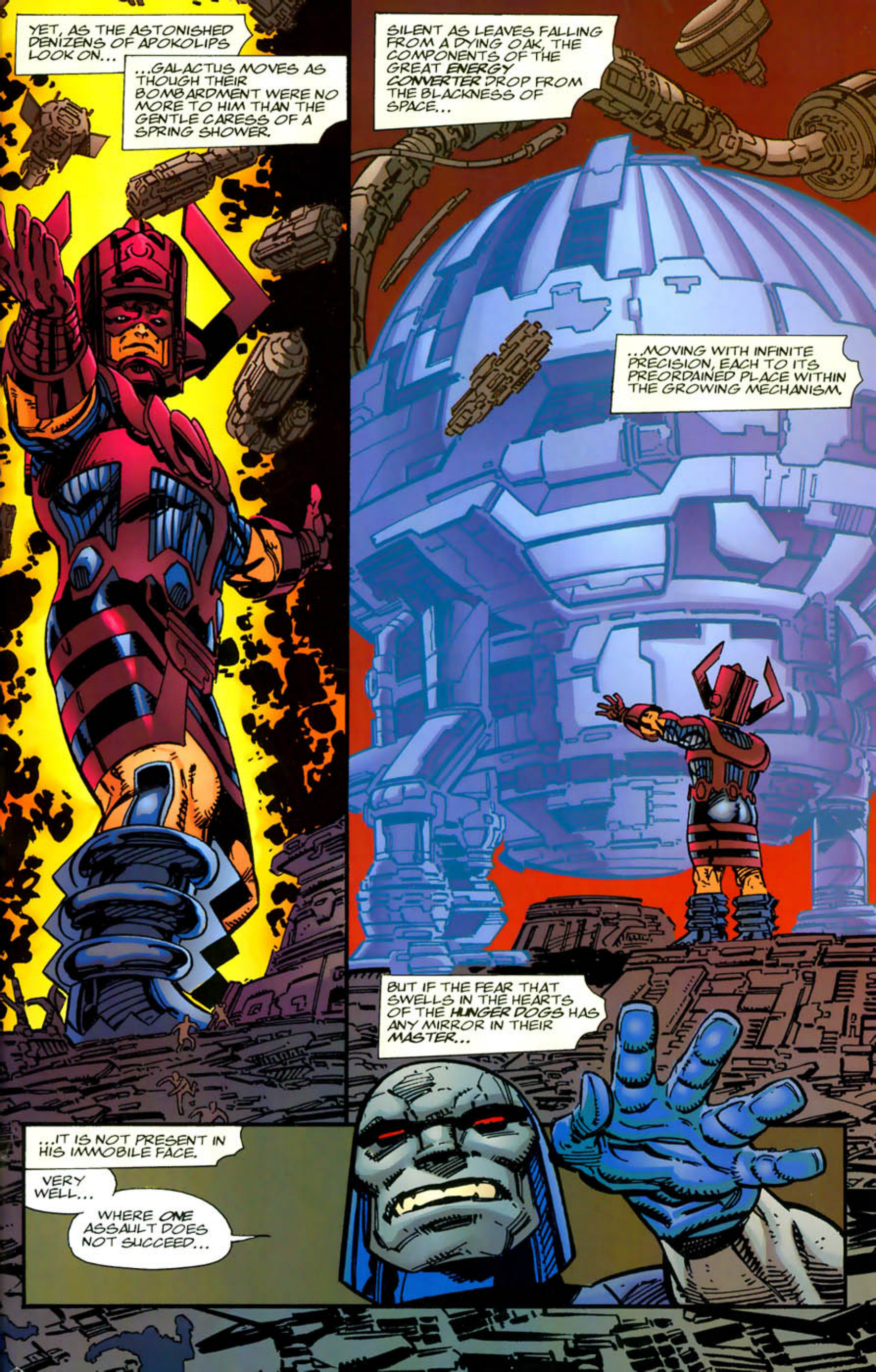
...MOVING WITH INFINITE
PRECISION, EACH TO ITS
PREORDAINED PLACE WITHIN
THE GROWING MECHANISM.

BUT IF THE FEAR THAT
SWELLS IN THE HEARTS
OF THE HUNGER DOGS HAS
ANY MIRROR IN THEIR
MASTER...

...IT IS NOT PRESENT IN
HIS IMMOBILE FACE.

VERY
WELL...

WHERE ONE
ASSAULT DOES
NOT SUCCEED...




"...ANOTHER
SURELY WILL..."

NO MORE THAN A THOUGHT
DOES DARKSEID EXPEND IN
THE EFFORT...

...BUT THE CRAGGY FACE
OF HIS WORLD BUCKS AND
HEAVES...

...AND GIVES BIRTH TO
NEW HORROR!





OBLIVIOUS TO THEIR
CREATION AS HE WAS TO
THE ATTACK THAT
PRECEDED THEM...

...GALACTUS IS CAUGHT
FOR A MOMENT UNAWARES.

BUT ONLY FOR
A MOMENT.

NOW THE ATTACKERS HAVE
A MEASURE OF THEIR FOE.

THE SECOND ASSAULT
COMES AS FROM A SINGLE
BEING SPLIT IN MANY
PARTS.

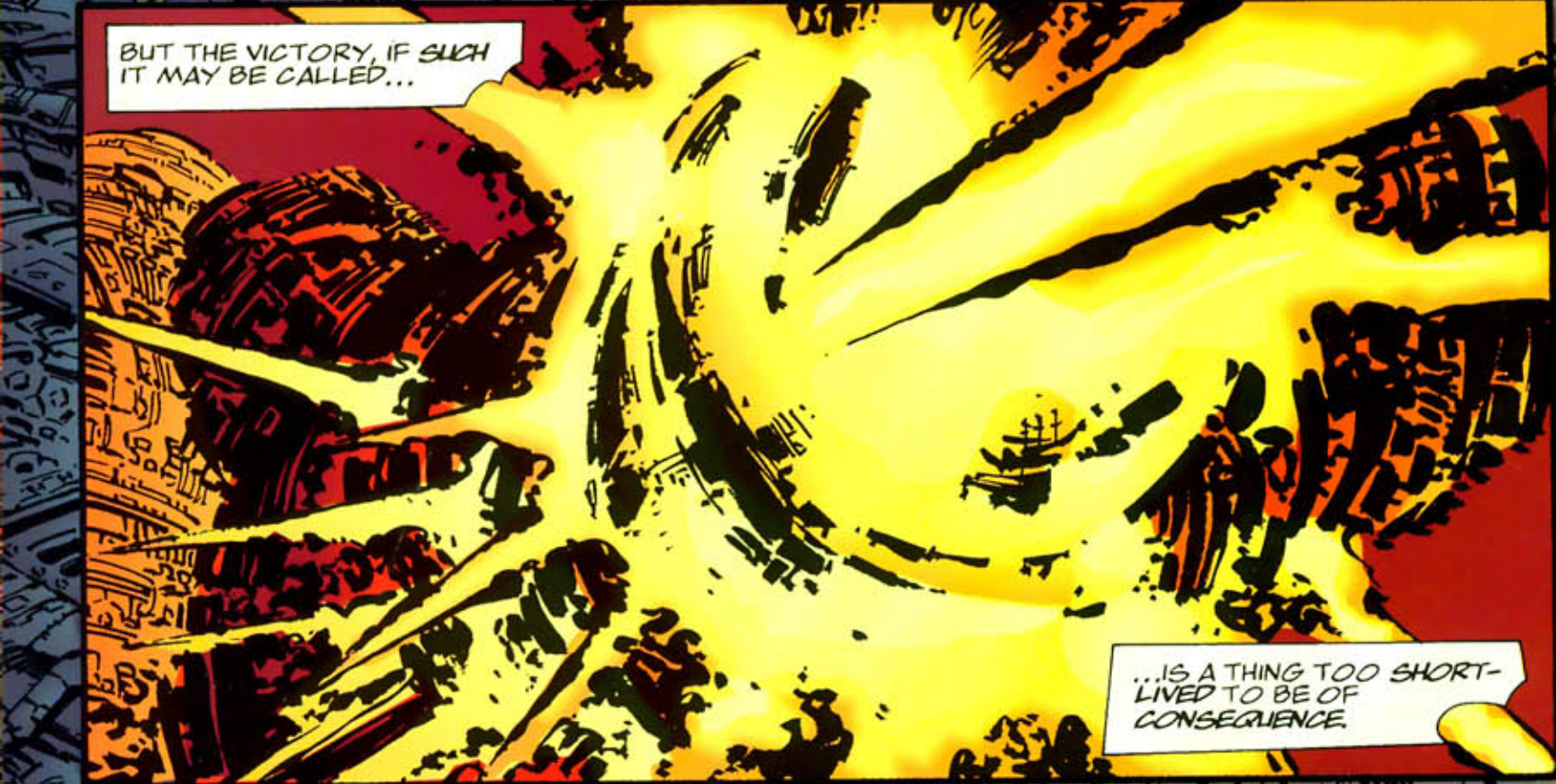
WEAKENED BY HIS HUNGER,
GALACTUS STAGGERS
BEFORE THE ASSAULT.

STAGGERS...



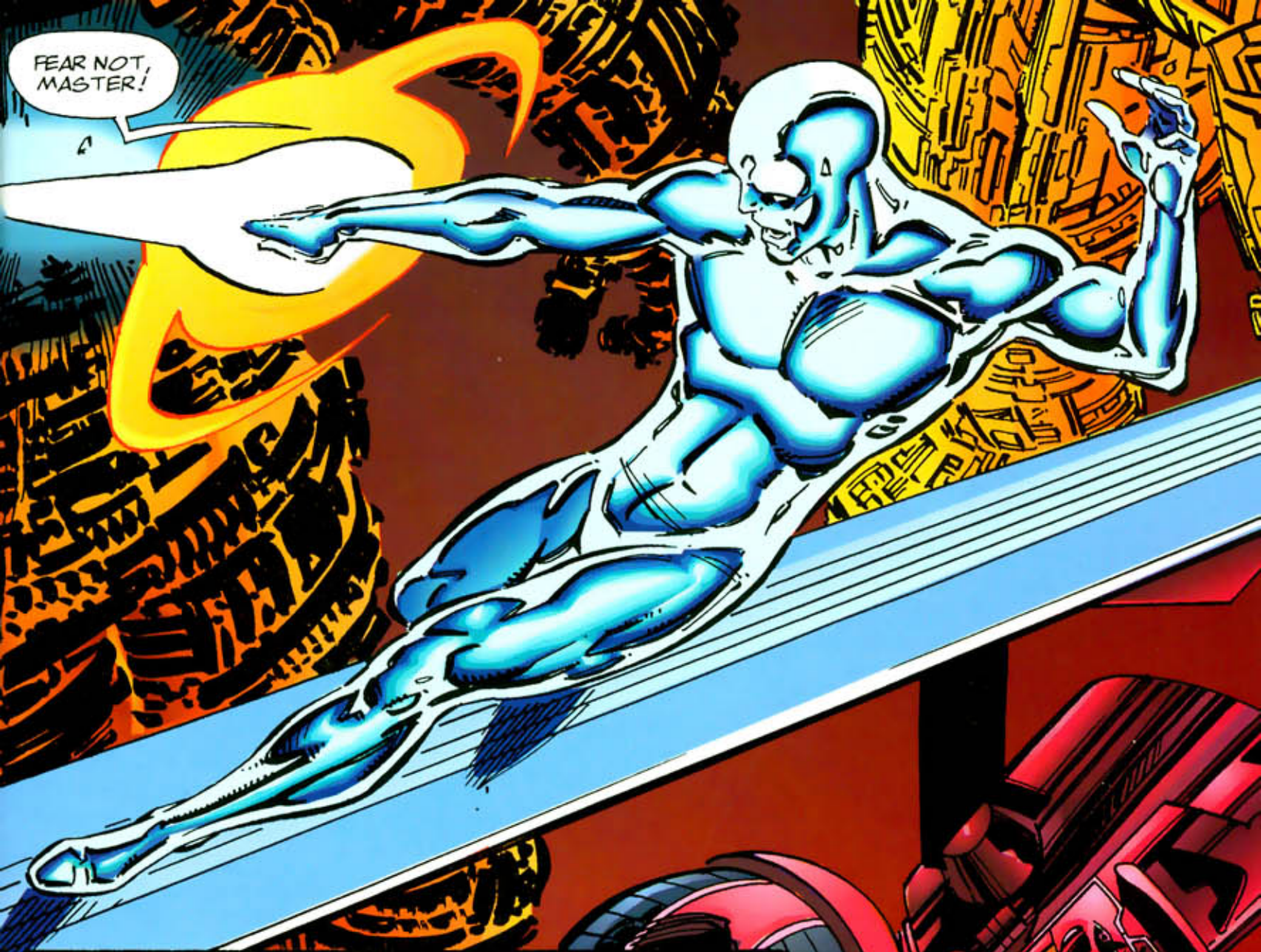
...AND
FALLS!

BUT THE VICTORY, IF SUCH
IT MAY BE CALLED...



...IS A THING TOO SHORT-
LIVED TO BE OF
CONSEQUENCE.

FEAR NOT,
MASTER!




SO LONG AS
GALACTUS LIVES,
SO SHALL HIS
HERALD!



AND SO LONG
AS THE SURFER
FLIES, GALACTUS
SHALL NEVER
FIGHT ALONE!





NO HINT OF FEELING
SHOWS ON THE FACE OF
GALACTUS AS HIS MOST
GLORIOUS CREATION HURLS
HIMSELF AGAIN AND AGAIN
INTO THE FRAY.



BUT IN HIS DEEPEST,
HIDDEN SOUL GALACTUS
FEELS A MOMENTARY
STIRRING.



AND AS GALACTUS TURNS
ONCE MORE TO HIS
FORBIDDING TASK...

...OTHER EYES LOOK UPON
THE BATTLEFIELD...

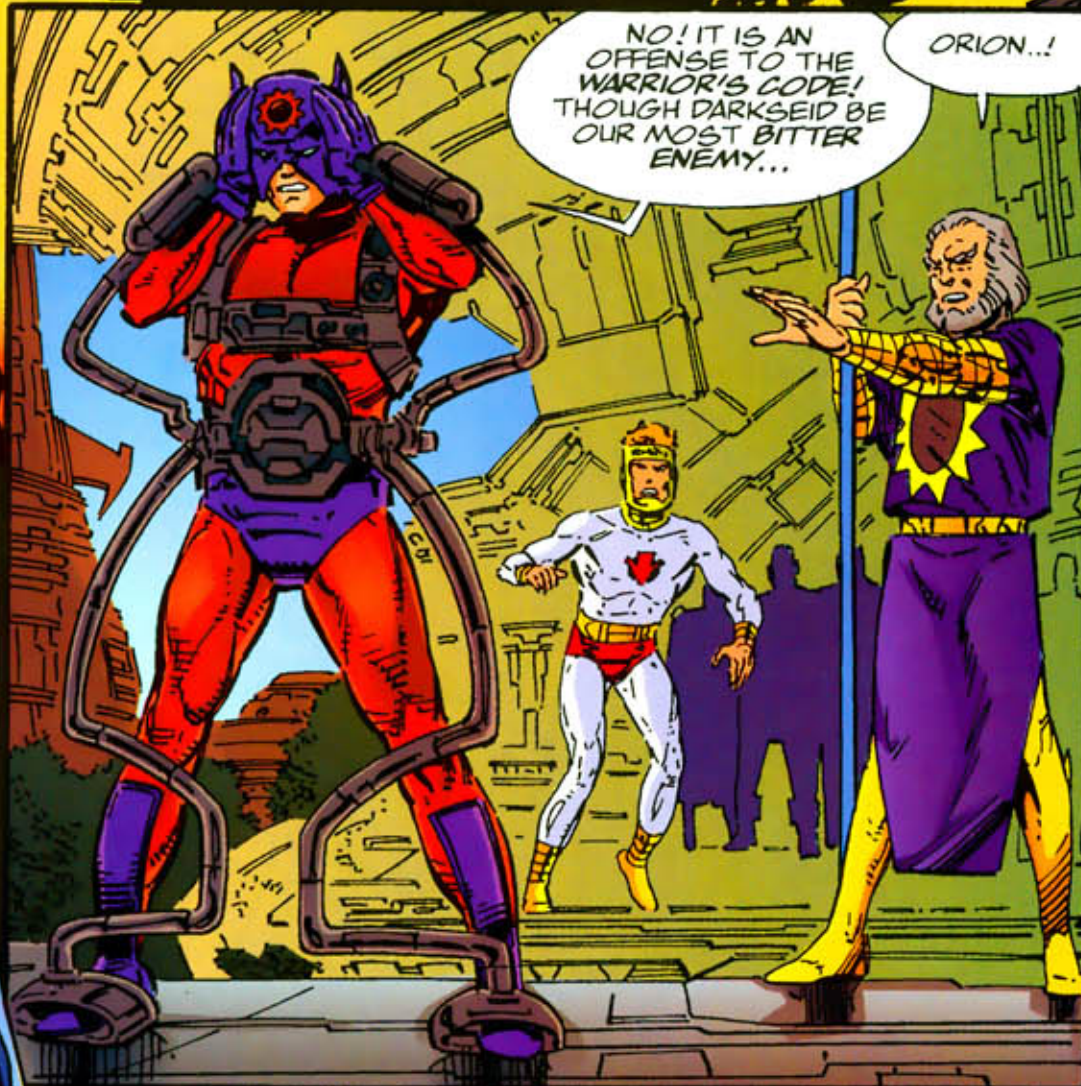
THE HERALD
STRIKES DOWN
DARKSEID'S
AUTOMATONS AS
REEDS IN A
HURRICANE!

HE LOOKS UPON THE
SILVER SURFER AND KNOWS
THE BOLD VOW OF HIS
HERALD WILL NOT ALWAYS
HOLD.

HIGHFATHER!
HOW LONG
MUST WE STAND
IDLY BY AND
WATCH THIS?

AS LONG
AS IS
NECESSARY,
ORION.

AS LONG AS IT
TAKES FOR THE
THREAT OF DARKSEID
TO BE FOREVER
ELIMINATED.



NO! IT IS AN
OFFENSE TO THE
WARRIOR'S CODE!
THOUGH DARKSEID BE
OUR MOST BITTER
ENEMY...

ORION...



...IF HE IS TO
BE DESTROYED,
IT MUST NOT BE
BECAUSE WE DID
NOTHING!



HIGHFATHER...
WHAT ARE WE
TO DO...??

THERE IS
NOTHING WE
CAN DO,
LIGHTRAY.

ORION
HAS MADE
HIS
DECISION.

"I PRAY ONLY THAT THE
UNIVERSE WILL NOT ONE
DAY COME TO REGRET
THAT CHOICE..."

THE SILVER SURFER
IS A FOE LIKE NONE
I HAVE EVER FACED
BEFORE.

THE WOUNDS I WILL
TAKE IN THIS BATTLE
WILL BE HARD TO
BEAR, EVEN FOR ME.

MOTHER BOX,
IF IT LIES
WITHIN THE SCOPE
OF YOUR
POWERS...

...HOLD BACK
A WHILE LONGER
THE FEARFUL TOUCH
OF THE BLACK
RACER.

PING PING
PING PING
PING

NOW, HERALD
OF GALACTUS!
FACE THE MIGHT
OF A TRUE-BORN
WARRIOR OF
NEW GENESIS!

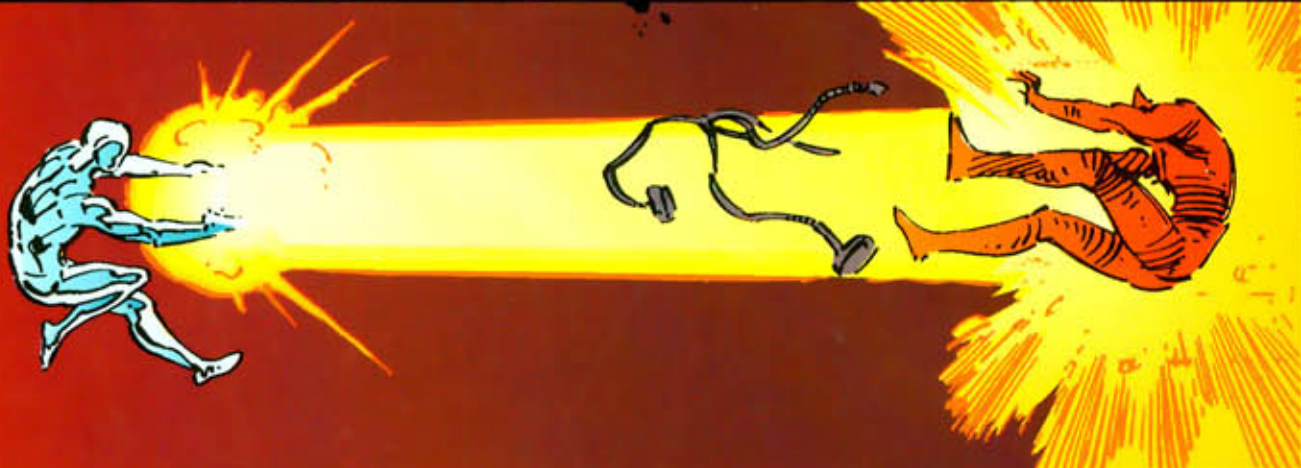
WHAT...?!?



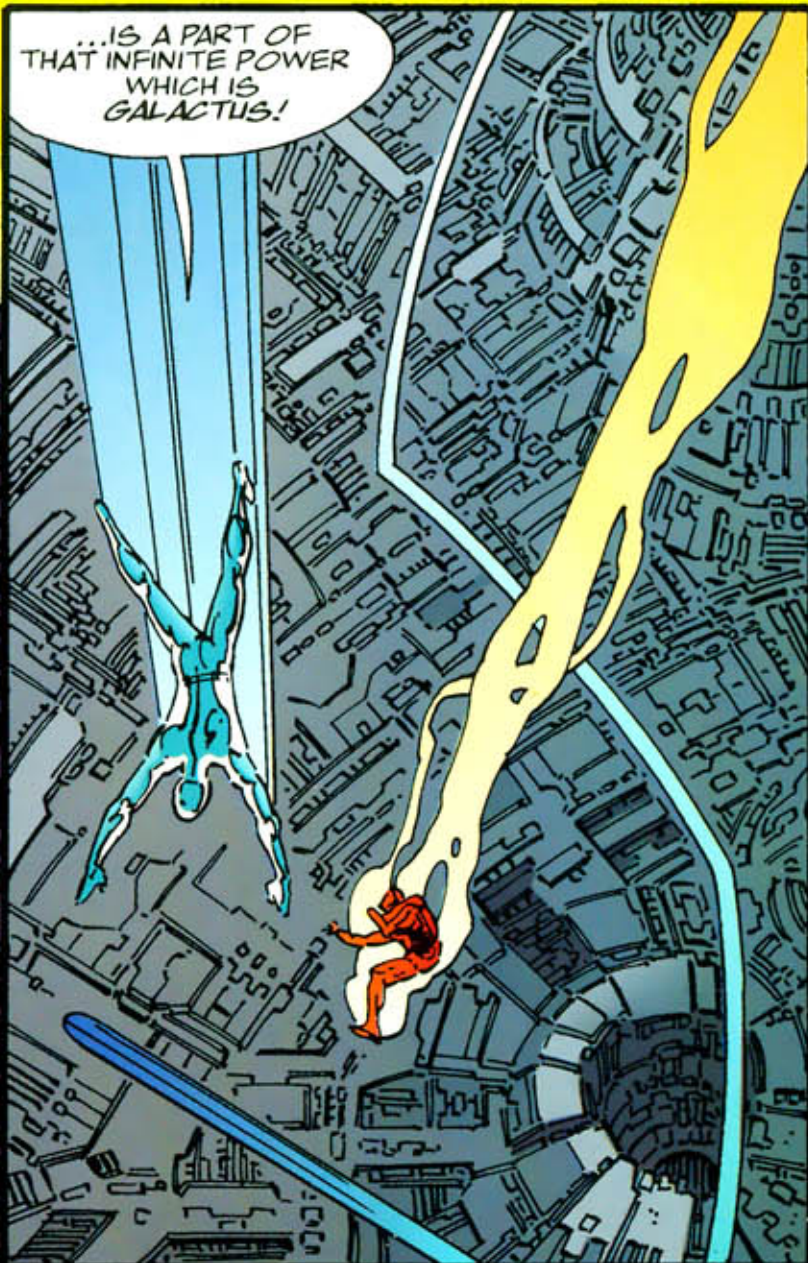
YOUR POWER
IS GREAT,
STRANGER.



BUT NOT SO
GREAT AS
MINE, FOR THE
POWER OF
THE SILVER
SURFER...



...IS A PART OF
THAT INFINITE POWER
WHICH IS
GALACTUS!



NO POWER
IN ALL THE UNIVERSE
IS A MATCH
FOR THAT!





SO YOU MAY
THINK,
SURFER...

...BUT YOU ARE
ILL-INFORMED IN-
DEED IF YOU BELIEVE
SO SMALL A WOUND
WILL STOP ORION!

SUCH
SPIRIT!

SUCH
FIRE!

YOU WAKE IN ME
DIM FEELINGS--
MEMORIES IT SEEMS
AS OF ANOTHER
TIME.

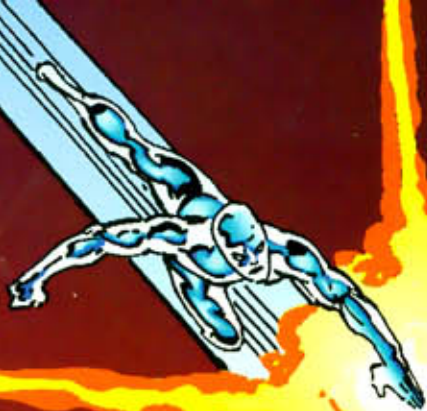
ANOTHER
LIFE.

IF THERE WAS
TIME FOR SUCH
REFLECTION...

...I MIGHT WELL
TRACE THE FULL
DIMENSION OF THOSE
THOUGHTS, SMALL
AND DISTANT THOUGH
THEY ARE.

BUT THE FOCUS
OF MY ENERGIES
IS NEEDED ELSE-
WHERE.

MY FIRST AND
EVERLASTING DUTY
IS TO THE ONE
WHO CALLED ME
FORTH FROM
NOTHINGNESS.



"WHAT'S THIS..?"

THE POOR, PATHETIC
TALE OF THE SILVER
SURFER IS KNOWN TO
ME...

...AND IT IS SOME-
THING OTHER THAN
HE HIMSELF WOULD
SEEM TO THINK
IT.



MASTER..?



IT WOULD SEEM THE
RAVAGER OF WORLDS
HAS AN UNEXPECTED
WEAKNESS, DESAAD.

THE SILVER
SURFER SPEAKS
OF GALACTUS HAV-
ING CALLED HIM
FORTH FROM
NOTHINGNESS...



"...BUT THIS IS NOT THE
CASE.

"INSTEAD, THE TALE IS
TOLD OF A WORLD,
PEACEFUL, THOUGHT BY
SOME TO BE PERFECT.

"A WORLD CALLED
ZENN-LA



"ON THAT WORLD THERE DWELLED A SOUL MADE OF ANOTHER STUFF FROM THAT WHICH FORMED HIS FELLOWS.

WHY DO YOU TURN FROM MY CARESS, BELOVED? DOES THE TOUCH OF SHALLA-BAL NO LONGER PLEASE YOU?

"HE WAS CALLED NORRIN RADD, AND THOUGH A PARADISE WAS HIS FOR THE TAKING, HE WAS UNHAPPY..."

AS EVER, THE MEREST THOUGHT OF YOU IS ENOUGH TO INFLAME MY HEART...



"HE WAS A SELF-MADE OUTCAST IN HIS OWN WORLD. ONE WHO SOUGHT ADVENTURE AND EXCITEMENT WHERE NO SUCH THINGS REMAINED.

"UNTIL THE DAY THE STAR-GOD CALLED GALACTUS CAME TO ZENN-LA.

"CAME AS HE HAD COME TO TEN TIMES TEN THOUSAND WORLDS BEFORE.

"AND AS THE WHOLE WORLD QUAKED IN FEAR, WAITING FOR THE ULTIMATE OBLIVION OF GALACTUS' TOUCH..."

SEARCHING FOR THE WORLDS ON WHICH YOU FEED TAKES TIME AND ENERGY.

SPARE ZENN-LA AND I SHALL BE YOUR HERALD, SEEKING OTHER WORLDS TO FEED YOUR NEVER-ENDING HUNGER.

"NORRIN RADD HURLED HIS SMALL, MORTAL FORM INTO THE PATH OF THE DESTROYER... WITH A PROPOSITION..."

AGREED.

...BUT THERE IS A GROWING DISCONTENT WHICH OVERSHADOWS EVERYTHING, TURNING THE SWEETNESS OF MY LIFE TO ASH.



"AND SO THE HUMAN
VANISHED IN A BURST OF
COSMIC POWER..."

"...AND IN
HIS PLACE..."

"...A BEING UNIQUE IN
ALL CREATION BURST
INTO AN UNSUSPECTING
COSMOS."

"THE SILVER
SURFER!"

"THE TRANSFORMED
NORRIN RADD WAS TRUE TO
HIS WORD."

"TIME AND AGAIN HE LED
GALACTUS TO LUSH,
VERDANT WORLDS."

"WORLDS THE DEVOURER
EMPTIED NOT MERELY OF
THE LIVING, BUT OF THE
VERY ESSENCE OF LIFE
ITSELF!"

NEVER HAS IT SEEMED
THAT NORRIN RADD
IN ANY WAY REGRETTED HIS
TENEBOUS DECISION.

NEVER HAS HE STRAYED
FROM THAT PATH ON WHICH
HE SET HIMSELF SO MANY
YEARS AGO.



AND NOW, PERHAPS,
WE HAVE SOME HINT
OF WHY THIS MIGHT
BE SO. OF WHY ONE SO
NOBLE COULD, WITHOUT
QUESTION, SERVE SO
DARK A LORD.

AND IN
THAT TINY
FRAGMENT
OF KNOW-
LEDGE...

"...WE SEE A SUBTLE FLAW
IN THE STAR-GOD'S
ARMOR..."

THE SURFER'S
POWER IS NEARLY
AS GREAT AS HIS
MASTER'S.

SO LET THE
BATTLE BE
RESUMED.

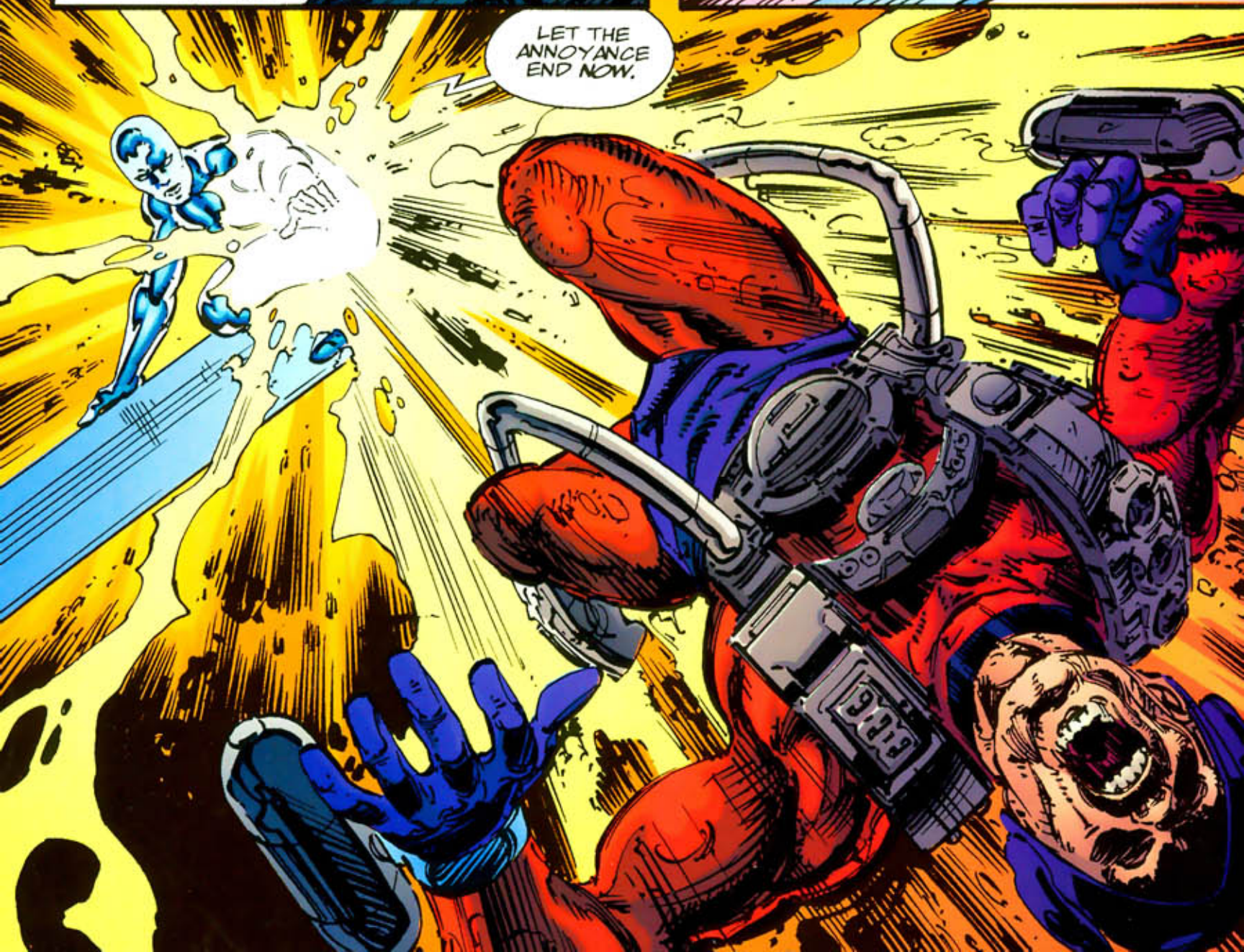
AND IF
I DIE
THIS DAY...

...LET IT BE THE
NOBLE DEATH ALL
WARRIORS
CRAVE!

YOU GROW
ANNOYING,
ORION OF
NEW GENESIS.

APOKOLIPS
IS SURELY
DOOMED, UNLESS
I FIND A WAY TO
STOP HIM, SO THAT
GALACTUS MAY BE
FOUGHT ALONE.

LET THE
ANNOYANCE
END NOW.



FAREWELL,
IN THE ETERNAL
NIGHT OF DEATH,
PERHAPS YOU
WILL FIND PEACE.

WHAT...??

ONLY A FOOL
MAKES SPEECHES
ON THE
BATTLEFIELD,
SURFER.

YOU GIVE YOUR
ENEMIES THE
CHANCE THEY NEED
TO STRIKE.

YOU MOVE TO
SAVE ME, DESAAD?
WHY? WHY??

IT IS NOT YOUR
SURVIVAL WHICH
IS OF INTEREST,
ORION.

IT MATTERS
NOT, IF VICTORY OR
GRIM DEFEAT ARE
YOURS THIS DAY, I
SHALL NOT SEE
IT.

MY WOUNDS
ARE TOO GREAT
EVEN FOR
MOTHER BOX
TO MEND...

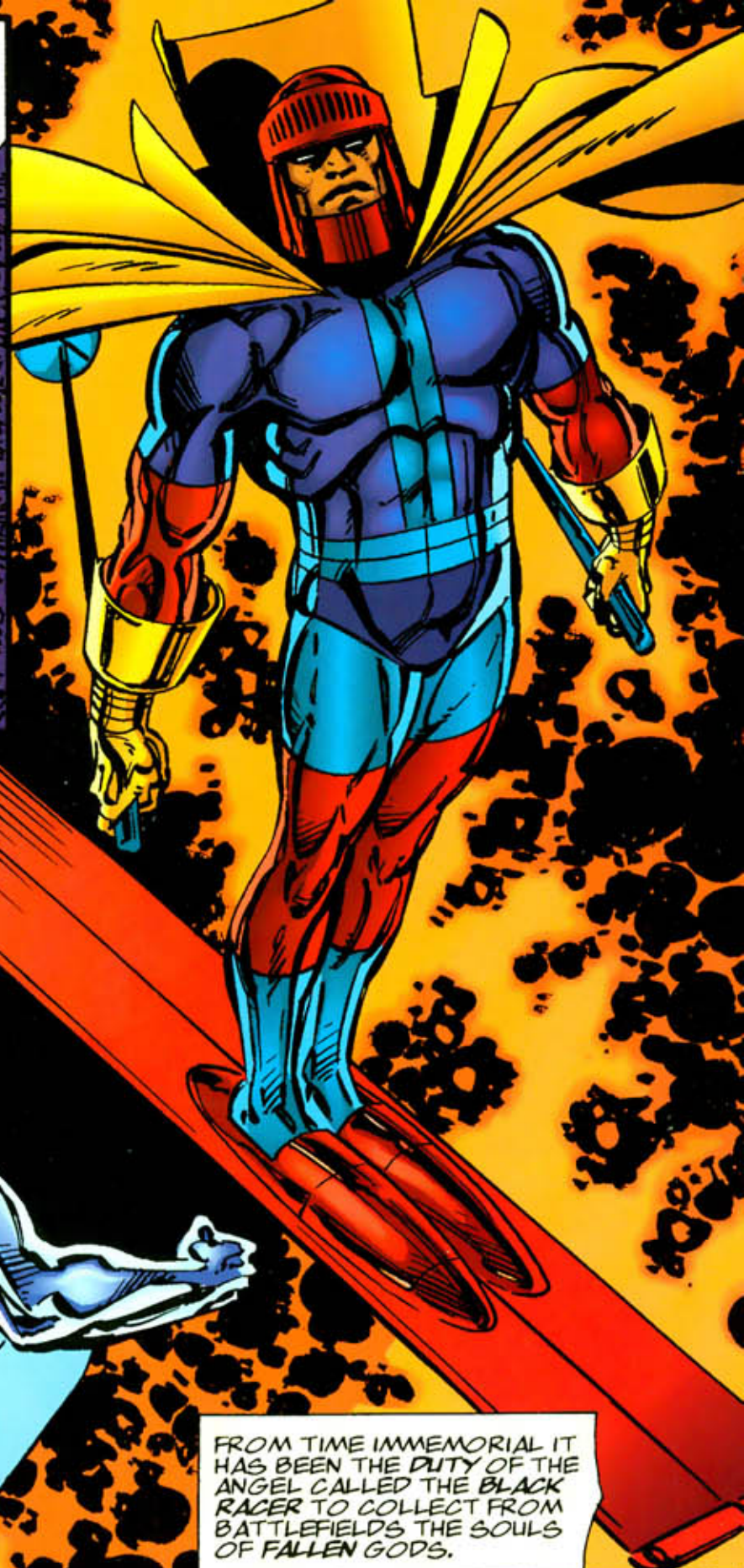
IT IS THE
GREATER
GOAL OF MY MASTER'S
PLAN TO MAYHAP
SAVE THIS WORLD!

MY TIME IS
DONE. THE
BLACK RACER
COMES TO CLAIM
ME AT LAST!

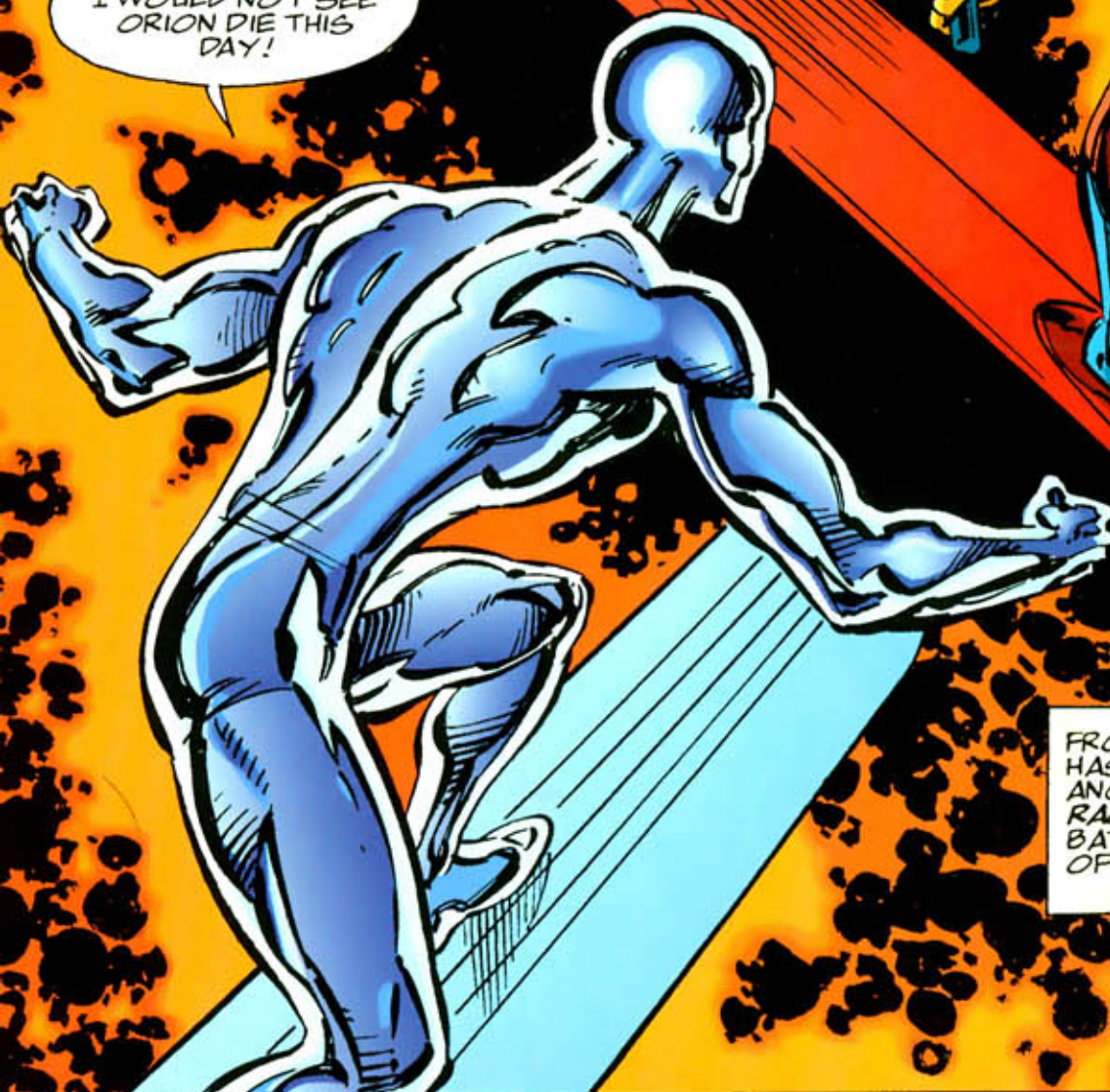
NO!
I DO NOT UNDER-
STAND THE FLOOD
OF EMOTION WHICH
NOW FILLS MY
BEING...



...BUT I KNOW
SO BOLD A SPIRIT
AS ORION SHOULD
NOT YET BE STRUCK
FROM THE FACE OF
THE UNIVERSE!



STAY YOUR
HAND, REAPER.
I WOULD NOT SEE
ORION DIE THIS
DAY!



FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL IT
HAS BEEN THE DUTY OF THE
ANGEL CALLED THE **BLACK
RACER** TO COLLECT FROM
BATTLEFIELDS THE SOULS
OF FALLEN GODS.

NOW HE HESITATES, THE
NEW FIRE BURNING IN THE
EYES OF THE SILVER
SURFER LIKE NOTHING THE
RACER HAS SEEN BEFORE.

AND IN THE SCANT
HEARTBEAT THAT
ENCOMPASSES THE
RACER'S PAUSE...

...MOTHER BOX PERFORMS
PERHAPS THE LEAST OF
HER MANY FUNCTIONS...



...AND ORION OF NEW
GENESIS IS REBORN TO
FIGHT ANOTHER DAY!

WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE,
SCHEMER?

YOU HAVE OPENED
A BOX I SAW MOST
FIT TO SEAL LONG
YEARS AGO.
WHY?

THAT THE SILVER
SURFER MIGHT RE-
GAIN SOME MEM-
ORY OF WHO HE
WAS--OF ALL THAT
HE HAS LOST.

AND SO MIGHT
TURN AGAINST
HIS MASTER.

IT ALL COMES
BACK TO ME!
I REMEMBER ZENN-LA!
I REMEMBER SHALLA-
BAL!



I REMEMBER
ALL THE HORROR
I HAVE ALLOWED
YOU TO UNLEASH!

FOOL.



THAT WHICH GALACTUS
GIVES, SO MAY
GALACTUS TAKE
AWAY.



YOU HAVE DONE
A GRIM DEED THIS
DAY, DARKSEID.

AND IN THE PAIN
YOU HAVE BROUGHT
TO MY LOYAL
HERALD...



YOU HAVE DONE
NOTHING TO
SPARE YOUR
WORLD.

NO?

I HAVE SEEN AN
UNEXPECTED WEAK-
NESS IN YOU,
STAR-GOD.

THERE CAN HAVE BEEN BUT ONE
REASON THAT YOU STRIPPED FROM
NORRIN RADD MEMORIES OF HIS
PAST LIFE.

SOME SMALL
SOFT PART OF
YOU THAT SOUGHT
TO SPARE HIM THE
BITTER PAIN OF
MEMORY.

AND WHERE YOU
SHOW ME WEAK-
NESS, YOU SHOW
ME YOU ARE NOT
INVULNERABLE.

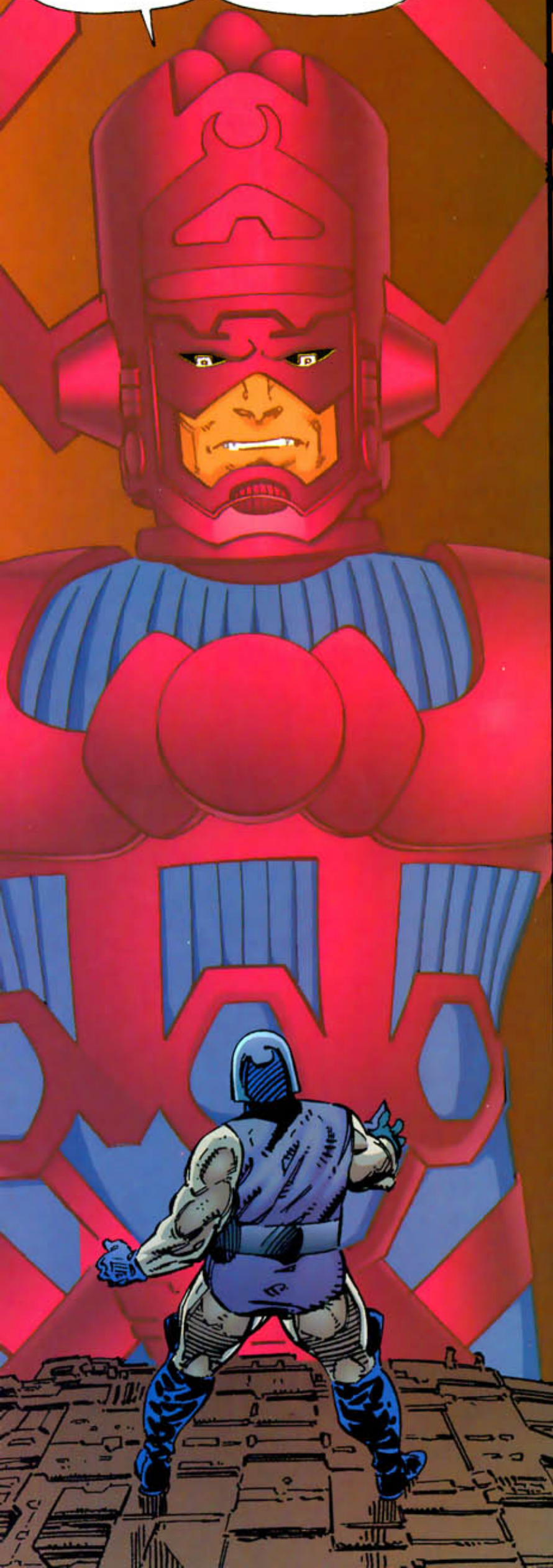


SO SHALL THE
OMEGA EFFECT
ERASE YOU FROM
THIS PLANE OF
EXISTENCE...

...AND HURL YOU
INTO AN OBLIVION
IN WHICH YOUR HUNGER
SHALL NEVER FIND
SURCEASE!

YOUR POWER IS
GREAT, MASTER
OF APOKOLIPS.

BUT IF IN THIS
YOU THINK YOU
SEE A WEAKNESS
IN GALACTUS...



...YOU SEE
NO WEAKNESS
BUT YOUR
OWN.

IT WAS NOT COMPASSION
WHICH LED ME TO REMOVE
NORRIN RADD'S MEMORY,
DARKSEID.

FROM THE DAY I
ACCEPTED HIM AS
MY HERALD, I HAVE
KNOWN A TIME
WOULD COME WHEN
HE WOULD TURN ON
ME.

THIS, ALAS, WAS
NOT THAT TIME,
BUT WHEN IT COMES
AT LAST, TERRIBLE
SHALL BE MY
PUNISHMENT.

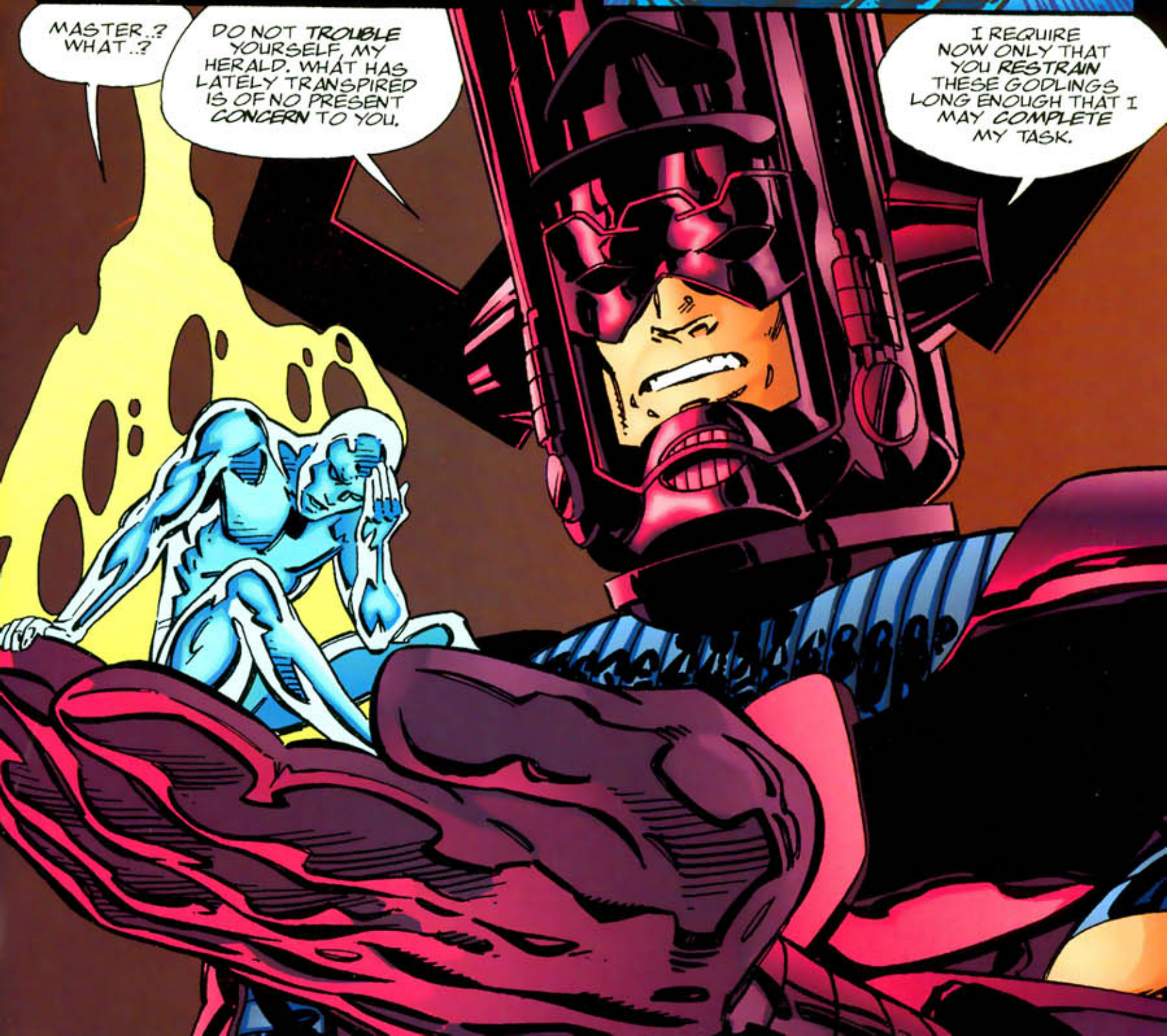
AND NOT THE
LEAST SHALL BE
THE SLOW AND
PAINFUL RESTORA-
TION OF THOSE
MEMORIES.



MASTER...?
WHAT...?

DO NOT TROUBLE
YOURSELF, MY
HERALD. WHAT HAS
LATELY TRANPIRED
IS OF NO PRESENT
CONCERN TO YOU.

I REQUIRE
NOW ONLY THAT
YOU RESTRAIN
THESE GODGLINGS
LONG ENOUGH THAT I
MAY COMPLETE
MY TASK.



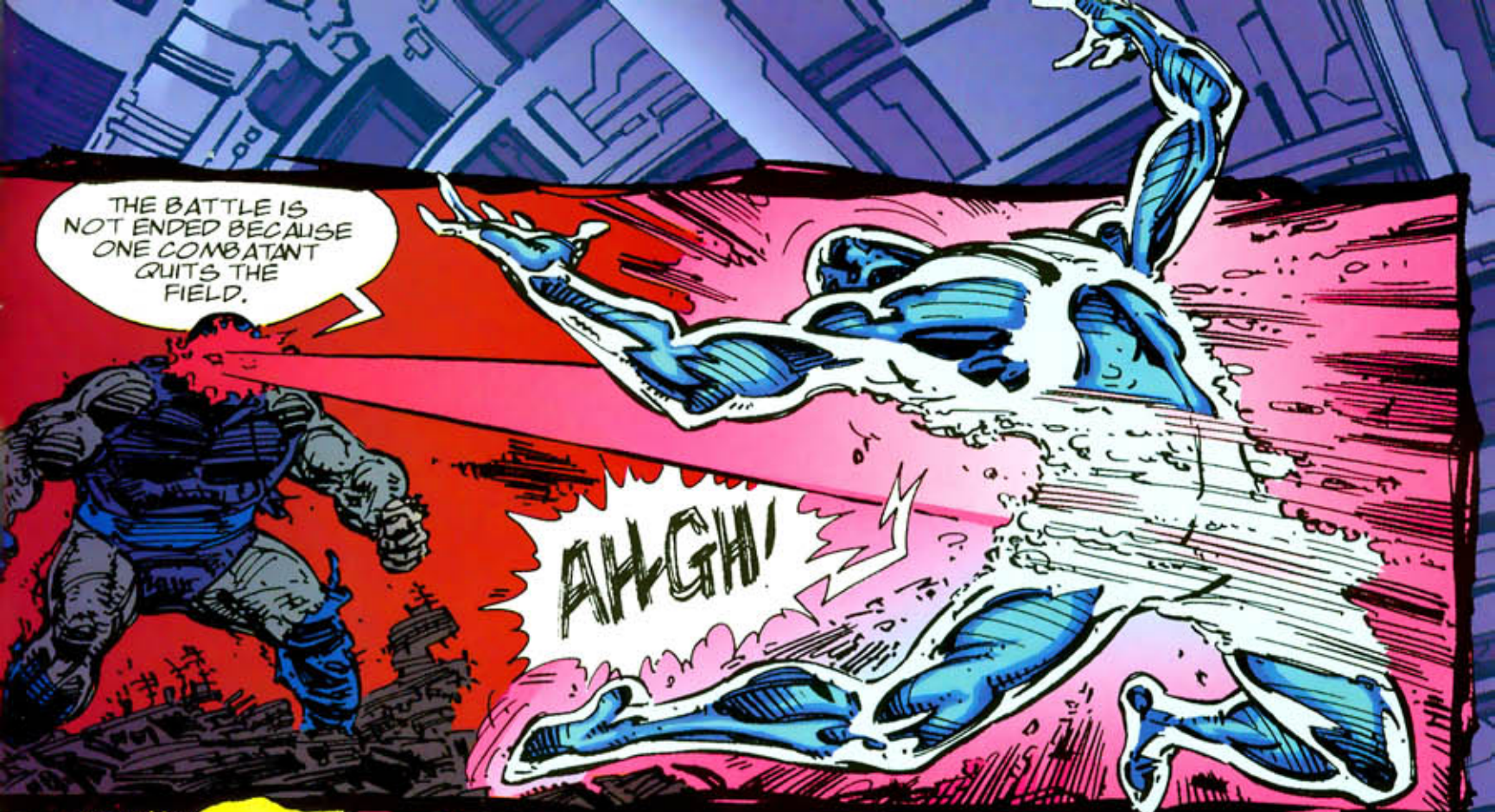
WELL, ORION
OF NEW GENESIS?
DO YOU STAND
AGAINST ME ONCE
MORE?

NO,
THOUGH YOU
MAY HAVE NO
MEMORY OF IT
NOW, I OWE YOU
MY LIFE THIS
DAY, SURFER.

IT PAINS ME TO
DO SO, BUT THE CODE
OF THE WARRIOR IS
CLEAR--I CANNOT
FIGHT YOU UNTIL THE
DEBT I OWE HAS BEEN
REPAID.


BUT I OWE
NO SUCH DEBT,
HERALD.





THE BATTLE IS
NOT ENDED BECAUSE
ONE COMBATANT
QUITS THE
FIELD.

AH-GH!



NO,
BUT THE
BATTLE IS
ENDED.



MY MACHINE
IS FINISHED.

NOW LET
GALACTUS
FEED.



EH..?



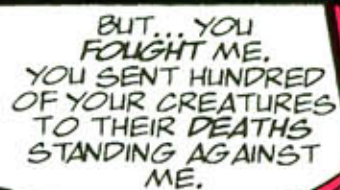
THE ENERGY DOES NOT FLOW. MY HUNGER REMAINS UNSATIATED.



THERE IS NO LIFE ENERGY IN THIS PLANET!

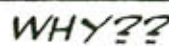
NO. SUCH AS THERE WAS BECAME A PART OF NEW GENESIS WHEN THE OLD, FIRST WORLD WAS SUNDERED.

...OR HAS BEEN AT LAST CONSUMED BY THE FURY OF THE FIRE PITS.



BUT... YOU FOUGHT ME. YOU SENT HUNDRED OF YOUR CREATURES TO THEIR DEATHS STANDING AGAINST ME.

WHY?



WHY??

LOOK INTO MY EYES, GALACTUS. LOOK DEEP. AS ONLY YOU CAN LOOK.

DO YOU NOT SEE, IN THE SHRIVELED THING THAT DWELLS AT THE CENTER OF MY BEING, A SHADOWED MIRROR OF YOUR OWN TORTURED SOUL?

YOU DO WHAT YOU DO BECAUSE YOU MUST, BECAUSE THERE IS A PLACE AND PURPOSE FOR YOU, AND YOU CANNOT DENY IT.

SO TOO MUST DARKSEID DO WHAT HE MUST DO. WE FANCY OURSELVES THE MASTERS, GALACTUS, BUT WE ARE NOT.

YES. WE ARE THE PRISONERS OF OUR OWN NATURES. YOU FOUGHT TO PRESERVE THIS WORLD FOR NO GREATER REASON THAN THAT IT IS YOURS.

YES. NOW, LEAVE MY WORLD, STAR-GOD. THERE IS NOTHING HERE FOR YOU.

FOLLOW, MASTER. THERE IS YET TIME TO FIND ANOTHER WORLD.

MASTER... NEW GENESIS...

...IS MY PRIZE FOR THE TAKING, DESAAD, NOT HIS.

WHEN THE TIME IS RIPE, HIGHFATHER AND MY BARTERED SON WILL FALL BEFORE THE HAND OF DARKSEID.

AND WHEN THEY DO, PERHAPS THE MEMORY OF THIS DAY WILL ADD A FINAL, BITTER IRONY TO THEIR DEFEAT!

THE END